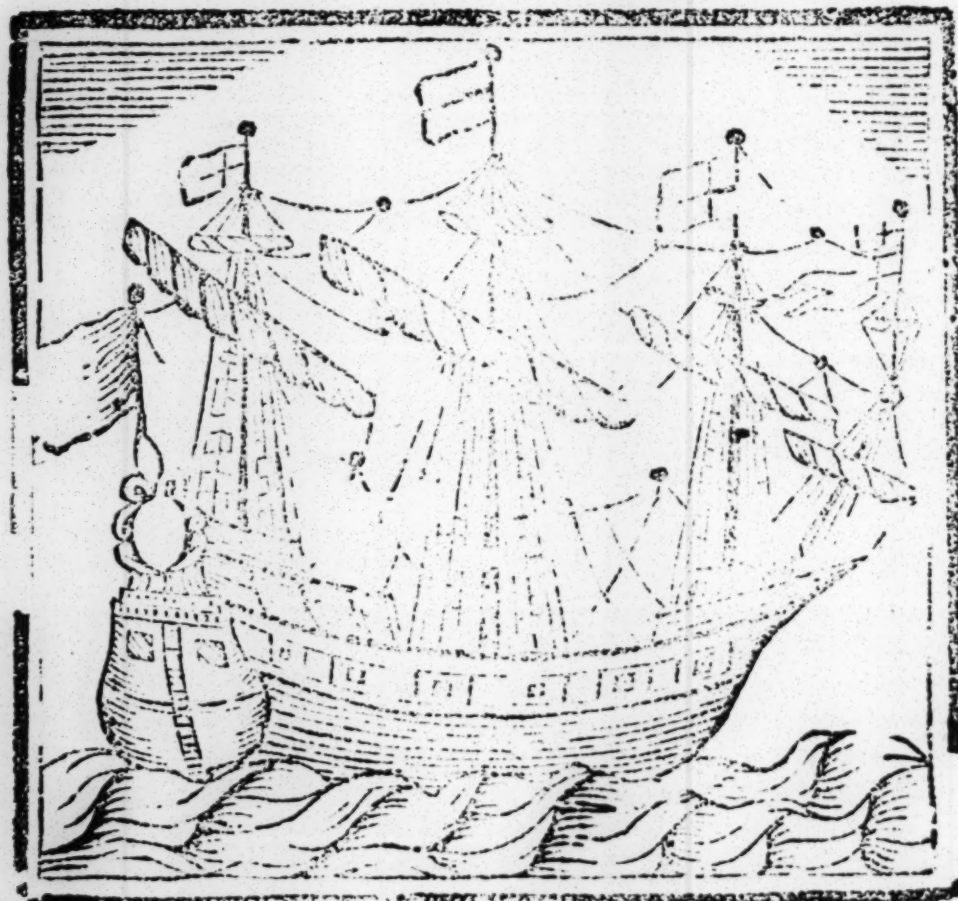


THE Prince of Orange's Triumph,

Or, The Downfall of the Distressed J E S U I T S.
To the Tune of, COURAGIO.



Now Orange is on British Shores,
Come from his long Voyage O;
Now Orange is on British Shores,
Come from his long Voyage O;
We now shall have no Masses more,
But will pull down their Scarlet Whore,
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

Now all her Bats we understand,
Does creep at this Voyage O,
And forced are to quit the Land,
For fear of a strong Hempen Band,
Couragio, &c.

While here they sung their Antick Song,
Before the brave Voyage O,
The tale of Subjects they did wrong,
But now they run away ding dong,
Couragio, &c.

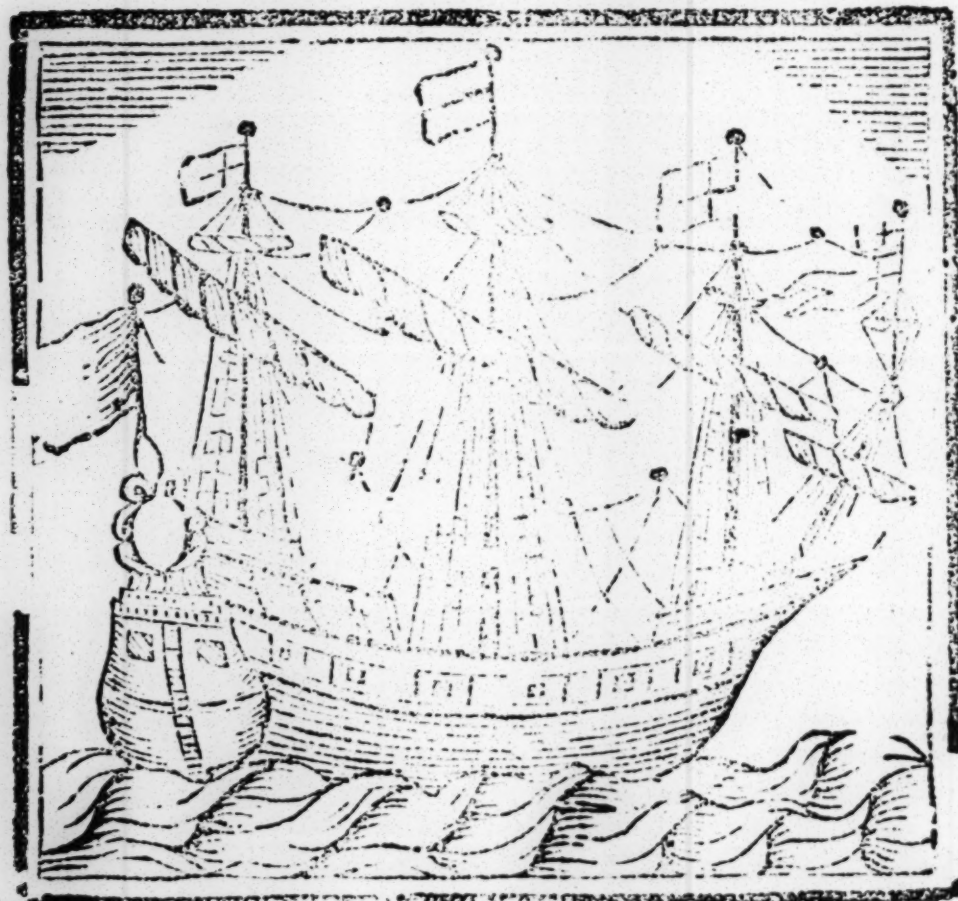
The London Trade was much concern'd
at Frays in this Age O,
Therefore their Wooden Bots they burn'd
And Trinkets into Ashes turn'd,
Couragio, &c.

They never need to count their Cost,
they being in a Rage O,
Their Heads and Crowns they lost,
Was ever Jesuits so Cross,
Couragio, &c.

Their hopes were turn'd to flabby fears,
at this August Voyage O,
Some sigh'd and weep'd in hissing Tears,
While others sneak'd & hung their Ears,
Couragio, &c.

THE Prince of Orange's Triumph,

Or, The Downfall of the Distressed J E S U I T S.
To the Tune of, COURAGIO.



Now Orange is on British Shores,
Come from his long Voyage D;
Now Orange is on British Shores,
Come from his long Voyage D;
We now shall have no Masses more,
But will pull down their Scarlet Whore,
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

Now all her Bats we understand,
Does creep at this Voyage D,
And forced are to quit the Land,
For fear of a strong Hempen Band,
Couragio, &c.

While here they sung their Antick Song,
Before the brave Voyage D,
The tale of Subjects they did wrong,
But now they run away ding dong,
Couragio, &c.

The London Trade was much concern'd
at Frays in this Age D,
Therefore their Wooden Bots they burn'd
And Trinkets into Ashes turn'd,
Couragio, &c.

They never need to count their Cost,
they being in a Rage D,
Their Heads and Crowns they lost,
Was ever Jesuits so Cross,
Couragio, &c.

Their hopes were turn'd to flabby fears,
at this August Voyage D,
Some sigh'd and weep'd in hissing Tears,
While others sneak'd & hung their Ears,
Couragio, &c.



The Prince of Orange heavens bless;
 who came on this Voyage D,
 The Jesuits to dispossess;
 God grant him evermore Success,
 Couragio, &c.

When we beheld his Glorious Fleet,
 sailing on their Voyage D,
 Our whole desire was to meet,
 The Kingdoms blessings to compleat,
 Couragio, &c.

Now will come to our English Shore,
 and now we will engage D,
 To Thump the Babilonish Whore,
 And kick her Cur rpey out of dooz;
 Couragio, &c.

A short and merry life they led,
 before this rage Voyage D,
 For now Old Peters he is fled,
 And some in Newgate hide their Head;
 Couragio, &c.

That Gallant Prince who hither came,
 our Sorrows to allvage D,
 O let his Right Renowned Name,
 Recorded be in Books of Fame,
 Couragio, &c.

He undertook a Glorious Cause
 in this Warlike Voyage D
 To keep us from Rome's Reb'rous Pains
 And to preserve our Lives and Laws,
 Couragio, &c.

Now let us all United be,
 and then I will engage D,
 In little space we soon shall free
 This Land from Popish Tyranny;
 Couragio, &c.

We value not the French-man's Frown;
 who threatens to engage D,
 We'll Raze the Walls of their Tower,
 And beat their lofty Towers down;
 Couragio, &c.

If it should be our happy chance,
 with Monsieur to Engage D,
 With forces thither we'll advance,
 And shike the very Crown of France,
 Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Wask.
 Dec. 1668.